

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

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MISS EMMELINE COLE begs to announce that her engagement at the Gaiety Theatre will terminate on Dec. 24th, that she will be at liberty to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Operas, &c., after that date. Address to **GEORGE DOLBY, Esq.**, 82, New Bond Street, W.; or, Miss **EMMELINE COLE**, 4, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.

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* As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose;

while the poems are of so lyrical a nature that they at once recommend themselves to anyone who (to continue the quotation) can say—

'for with my mind I listen,

And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it.

If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there."

Miss Amy Coyne, a daughter of the late Mr. Stirling Coyne, is the composer of these sweet *Heder*; and she has also translated from the German the felicitous words with which the music so well harmonizes. Six in number, their titles are—'Farewell for Ever,' 'Fidelity,' 'Parted,' 'The Request,' 'The Voice of Spring,' and 'Evening Sounds,' which last has a delightful Mendelssohnian ring about it. Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, are the publishers of these exquisite songs, and also of Miss Amy Coyne's latest composition, 'Maddalena,' a sparkling serenade which we had the pleasure of noticing favourably when it was first sung by Mr. W. H. Cummings, and which fully sustains the rising reputation of the talented young composer."—*Penny Illustrated Paper*.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Dec. 16.)

The series of Beethoven concerts, the object and plan of which were explained some time since, have been deservedly successful. Six out of the promised eight have been given; the seventh is announced for to-morrow, the anniversary of the great musician's birthday—the 17th of December; the eighth for Monday. With the exception of a couple of *Lieder* by Schubert, introduced on one occasion by Mlle. Rosamunda Doria, in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Stockhausen, the six programmes have been exclusively compiled from the works of Beethoven, vocal and instrumental. And yet the sense of variety was just as strong as though each separate piece had been contributed by a different composer. No better test of Beethoven's prodigious fertility could be imagined than this particular method of putting him to the proof. Take for example, the six "string quartets dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz (Op. 18)—in F, G, D, C minor, A and B flat. All were comprised in the first three programmes—two in each programme, one at the beginning and one at the end. It is by placing them thus in such close juxtaposition, that we are best able to judge how little one resembles another in anything but the common quality of excellence. With these bright and beautiful works, Beethoven when scarcely more than thirty years of age, triumphantly established his claim to sit by the side of Haydn and Mozart. Not a little of their charm lies, on the one hand, in the evidence they bear of the spell exercised by the enchanting grace and symmetry of Mozart's style, and, on the other, by the evidence, no less convincing, of Beethoven's inward desire to shake it off, so as to think and act independently for himself. The instances of this determined resolution which lie scattered over the early quartets are many; and in each of them we find traces of that genius for development which, as was subsequently manifested, Beethoven possessed in a higher degree than any other composer. Already we perceive it in the three quartets Op. 59 (Nos. 7, 8, and 9), dedicated to Rasoumowsky, which came into the world some five or six years later (1806). The opening *allegro* of the first (in F), beginning with a theme which seems as if it might go on for ever, and the *finale* of the third (in C), one of the most extraordinarily worked out movements to be named, and which, in a scarcely inferior degree than the *finale* to the *Eroica* symphony, exhibits Beethoven's thorough mastery of counterpoint, would alone suffice to show how completely he had succeeded in emancipating himself from all pre-existing models, even without taking into consideration the *scherzo* in the first, unprecedented in its time, and the wonderful slow movements of all three—the most wonderful perhaps, if originality is a token, being the *andante con moto*, in A minor, of the third. In addition to the quartets, we have heard the quintet in C (No. 2, Op. 29), containing the last movement, called the "Storm" by almost every critic except Beethoven himself (his own severest critic), about which such a quantity of unintelligible nonsense was uttered by the Russian critic, Herr Lenz, who in the cause of Beethoven out-Oulibischeffed Oulibischeff himself, Mozart's wholesale and enthusiastic panegyrist. This quintet, written about 1801, and, therefore contemporaneous in regard to production with the first six quartets, is undoubtedly a capital work. Nevertheless, considering the plan of the ante-Christmas concerts, which was, we believe, intended to mark by progressive stages the steady growth of the master's genius, it would perhaps have been wiser and more consistent to give the earliest quintet—the one in E flat, with a minuet and two trios. This minuet with its tributaries, as some insist, is the real origin of the Beethoven *scherzo*. But surely in such an estimate the *scherzi* in the pianoforte trios, Op. 1, and still more striking, the *scherzo* in the last of the pianoforte sonatas, Op. 2, dedicated to Haydn—for whom, notwithstanding all that has been suggested to the contrary, Beethoven entertained a very deep respect—must have been overlooked. Two of the early trios, Nos. 1 and 2, in E flat and G, have been given; but not the No. 3, in C minor, which Beethoven, despite Haydn's verbally expressed opinion, esteemed the best. In place of this the much later trio in D, No. 1, Op. 70, was substituted. We have also had the famous septet for string and wind instruments, of which Haydn thought so much, and which Beethoven in his riper period, whenever it was spoken of affected to depreciate. To these it would have been advisable to add one of the trios for violin, viola, and violoncello. But it is impossible to cram within the space of eight programmes all that one might wish to hear; and even now in the instrumental department we have to mention violin sonatas, violoncello sonatas, and sonatas for pianoforte alone. Among the first-named, the sonata in A minor, Op. 23, has already been played; while the earlier sonata in E flat, last of the set of three dedicated to Salieri,

one of Beethoven's several "advisers" in his musical studies (from whom as from the others, his independent spirit not easily brooking control, he derived but little advantage), is to be included in next Monday night's performance. Three of the violoncello sonatas have been produced, in chronological order—Nos. 1 and 2 of Op. 5 (in F major and G minor), and the third, Op. 69 (in A), the most popular, if not the best, of the five which Beethoven wrote. Of course, in accordance with Mr. Arthur Chappell's time-honoured custom, there has been at each concert a solo pianoforte sonata. First, Mr. Charles Hallé played the sonata in E flat (Op. 7)—thus, we cannot but think, injudiciously skipping over the three early and vigorous works dedicated to Haydn; next, the same pianist gave us the sonata in D, unquestionably the finest and most original of the three in Op. 10; then M^{me}. Arabella Goddard played the well-known and universally admired sonata in A flat (Op. 26), containing the "Funeral March," with which the jealous Beethoven, vexed at the continual praises of a similar movement in the opera of *Achilles*, by Ferdinando Paer, annihilated that unfortunate composer at a blow; then the same lady followed with the sonata in D (Op. 28), nicknamed (not inappropriately it must be admitted) "Pastoral Sonata," by Kranz, the publisher, without Beethoven's consent or knowledge; and, lastly, she performed the sonata in G, Op. 31 (not 29 as is so persistently stated)—Herr Pauer following at the next concert with the sonata in D minor (No. 2) from the same series.

The chief topic in this article being naturally, Beethoven himself, we have thought proper to refrain from criticism on the performers, who may fairly be presumed, under the circumstances to have played their best, and who did so in fact. In the violin sonata Op. 23 the co-operation of two accomplished ladies, M^{me}. Norman-Neruda and M^{me}. Arabella Goddard, as might have been anticipated—especially because this was the first time they had ever played together in public—excited an interest apart. In the violoncello sonatas the violoncellist was, happily, Signor Piatti, who in the one in F, was associated with Mr. Hallé, in that in G minor with M^{me}. Goddard, and in that in A with Herr Pauer. The quartets at the first three concerts were led by M^{me}. Neruda; at the others by Herr Straus; the second violin, viola, and violoncello in each instance being represented by Herr L. Ries, Signor Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. In the first of the trios Mr. Hallé, in the second M^{me}. Goddard, and in the third Herr Pauer was the pianist; M^{me}. Neruda played violin in the first; Herr Straus in the second and third; Signor Piatti taking the violoncello on each occasion.

All the vocal music, too—the songs by Schubert to which we have referred allowed for—has been by Beethoven; and at every concert except the first, when M^{me}. Clara Doria appeared, Herr Stockhausen was the singer, bringing forward among other things, the *Liederkreis* (which we prefer in the original key), and some of those interesting "Scottish Melodies," twenty-five in number, harmonized by Beethoven, with accompaniments for violin, violoncello and pianoforte, which have been too long cast in the shade. That Mr. Benedict has continued to act as accompanist at the pianoforte, need hardly be stated; but it is only fair to add that in the occasional absence of this practised musician, Signor Zerbini has honourably filled his place.

At the last concert of the Centenary, on Monday night, we are promised the tenth quartet in E flat (Op. 75)—the "Harfen quartet," as the Germans somewhat fantastically, if not childishly, call it, on account of a certain passage of "arpeggios," in the first movement, for the leading violin; the lovely sonata in E minor (Op. 90), about which so many stories are narrated; and the grand (really "grand") trio in B flat (Op. 97), dedicated to the Archduke Rodolphus—Beethoven's favourite amateur pupil, who is said to have been able to execute the B flat pianoforte sonata (Op. 106), which, as scarcely one practised professor in a hundred has ever been able to do it, we take leave to doubt. Mendelssohn attempted the "106" but once (at the house of a friend in Frankfurt), and after playing it—as he writes in one of his most charming letters home—the "straightway drank 212 glasses of punch." At the last concert but one, to-morrow afternoon, besides the third and most elaborate of the "Rasoumowsky" quartets, the programme contains the Waldstein sonata (Op. 53), and the trio in E flat (Op. 70). Here we are taken at once into the composer's prime, a change to which, as the first six concerts were devoted in a very great measure to his earlier compositions, few can object, more particularly as the so-called "posthumous quartets" are kept in reserve for Herr Joachim, who comes after Christmas.

GRATZ.—Herr Herzogenberg's dramatic cantata, *Columbus*, has been very well received here.

MR. BENEDICT'S *ST. PETER*.

When Mr. Benedict's new oratorio was produced at the late Birmingham Festival, we spoke of it in brief and general terms, reserving detailed criticism for the occasion of a first performance in London. There were good reasons for this course, apart from the danger necessarily attendant upon a hasty verdict. It was probable, for example, that Mr. Benedict would retouch his work, and imperative that he should curtail it. Both things have been done, and *St. Peter* is now before us in its final shape. This fact, and a performance of the oratorio in St. James's Hall on Tuesday week, supply the desired opportunity for expressing a deliberate judgment. We may add that it would serve little purpose to dwell upon the alterations Mr. Benedict has thought necessary. Our business lies not with *St. Peter* as it was, but with *St. Peter* as it is—in other words, with definite results, rather than tentative processes.

It would be idle to expect unanimous acceptance for any method of treating a subject so varied in its aspects as that of *St. Peter*. The apostle's life, character, and work invite attention from half-a-dozen different stand-points, each certain to have admirers who champion its precedence over all the rest. For this reason the value of Mr. Benedict's plan must remain a matter of opinion, and cannot be settled by the *ipse dixit* of anybody. We do well, therefore, to trace the progress of the story in subsequent remarks, and leave the reader to form his own judgment thereupon. The oratorio, let us say here, is divided into two parts, which are subdivided, the first into two, the second into three, scenes, each scene bearing an appropriate designation, and, a single exception allowed for, each being distinct from the rest. To indicate the chosen topics, we need but give the names by which they are known. Thus, Part I. contains "The Divine Call" and "The Trial of Faith"; while in Part II. there are "Denial," "Repentance," and "Deliverance." These events of the apostle's life are treated with considerable amplitude; but the diversity of the events themselves largely assisted the composer in avoiding monotony. How Mr. Benedict has dealt with each we have now to show.

The action of the oratorio begins on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, an orchestral introduction depicting the approach of evening. Distinguished by fancy and suggestiveness, this movement leads naturally to an elaborate chorus, "They that go down to the sea in ships," sung by fishermen and women, while preparing to rest from the labours of the day. A tranquil and melodious theme is given out fugally by the various parts, its character being ably sustained both by voice and instruments, till the occurrence of an episode for soprano and alto (each divided) expressive of confidence in the protection of Heaven. Passing the latter with approval of the contrast it affords, we come upon another movement, for full chorus, to the words, "We will lie down in peace, and sleep," &c., which introduces for the first time the elaborate modulatory passages so distinctive of Mr. Benedict's music. If any object to these, a speedy return of the first theme brings relief, and leads to a charming coda, which ends the number in satisfactory style. John the Baptist (tenor) then appears, between whom and the people a well-wrought and dramatic scene takes place. The former urges repentance because "the kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" and is answered by abrupt queries as to his doctrine and person. This situation being developed at some length, and with not less vigour than propriety, repose is brought by an air, "O house of Jacob!" in which the Baptist quotes from the prophets as to the coming of his Lord. A smooth and expressive melody, with accompaniments after Mr. Benedict's most graceful manner, distinguishes this song; between the subjects of which, moreover, an artistic contrast is secured. Moved by what they have heard, the people declare, in a tuneful chorus, "The Lord will not turn away His face," their strong hope of Divine mercy; after which a contralto voice takes up the narrative of Peter's call. In an air, "How great, O Lord, is Thy goodness!" the new disciple pours forth his gratitude to strains marked by all necessary fervour, though tinged with a plaintiveness suggesting a premonition of trials to come; and the people respond with a benediction, "The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet," &c., which is undoubtedly one of the gems of the oratorio. The beautiful themes of this chorus, and its glowing harmonies, both set off by tasteful orchestration, mark it out for special favour wherever the ability to appreciate good music exists. The second scene, "Trial of Faith," opens with the departure of our Lord's disciples to "the other side," and His own retiring "into a mountain apart to pray." This being told in recitative, an orchestral episode describes the prayer and the rising of the storm on the adjacent lake. Here Mr. Benedict once more appears at his best, the movement being distinguished by vivid suggestiveness and picturesque colouring in a high degree. The scoring of the "Prayer," moreover, is ingenious, while the gradual oncoming of the "storm," through the raging of which a voice is heard telling of danger to the disciples, produces an effect appreciable by all. At length, and without a break, the chorus enters upon the words, "The deep uttereth his voice," a short fugato passage of eight bars being given out three times in an ascending progression of keys which imparts exactly the accumulating force required. The movement, however, acts but as prelude to a vigorous though not extended fugue, "Deep calleth unto deep," this, in turn, giving place to a bravura air (soprano), "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind," the dashing character of which is set off by occasional phrases for chorus in broad, massive harmony. As all these movements really make but one number, an idea may be formed of Mr. Benedict's elaborate treatment, and the sustained vigour of his music. The narrative then describes the appear-

ance of Jesus walking on the sea; and a short chorus for male voices, "It is a spirit," aptly expresses the terror of His disciples. Bidden not to fear, the latter respond in a smoothly written five-part chorus, "Who would not fear Thee?" after which a recitative for contralto and baritone tells the story, to most suggestive orchestral accompaniment, of Peter's trial and failure. An air sung by the rescued disciple, "Now know I that the Lord saveth His anointed," presents no very remarkable features, but the sudden calm is expressively illustrated; and not less effective is the short chorus in which the followers of Jesus declare their assurance of His divine origin. The *finale* of Part I. then begins with a quartet, "O, come let us sing unto the Lord," wherein unpretending simplicity is accompanied by perfect charm. We may venture to say that no selection from the oratorio will be more popular than this. A stately introduction, heralds the last chorus, "Praise ye the Lord," an elaborate number in two divisions; the first a series of massive progressions in full harmony, the second a fugue on two subjects, with a lengthy coda. The themes of the fugue are diatonic, vigorous, and striking, while its working, if not exhaustive of contrapuntal device, shows the hand of a master of his craft. Indeed, Mr. Benedict might have extended the movement without risk, so thoroughly does it carry the hearer along in its impetuous but artfully regulated course. With regard to the coda, we need only point out the effect of a legato passage, with a counterpoint of quavers in the orchestra. This is one of the happiest touches in the entire work, by reason of the grateful contrast it affords.

The first scene of Part II.—"Denial"—begins with a recitative, and Peter's reply to the words of his Master, "Though all men should be offended," &c. The earnest expression of this air is not unconnected with a certain tone of reproach; while in the disciple's assurance that he is ready to go with Jesus to prison and to death a touch of pathos is aptly introduced. Moreover, like all the music given to *St. Peter* in the oratorio, it is pervaded by a dignity in keeping with the destiny of the man. The arrest of Jesus is then told; a brief chorus for male voices describing the flight of the disciples, and leading to a contralto air, "O thou afflicted," wherein the ultimate triumph of the Saviour is lovingly dwelt upon. We can scarcely praise this song too highly such is the tender beauty of its theme, and the general propriety of its treatment. That it will find favour everywhere may be accepted as a foregone conclusion. After a choral recitative for male voices, which tells how Peter followed his Master "afar off," we are introduced to the servants' hall of the High Priest's palace, and hear the assembled crowd proclaim, in a short chorus, "We have a law," their hatred of the prisoner at that moment on His trial. Then follows the scene of the disciples' threefold treachery. Again and again he is accused of being a follower of Jesus, the chorus each time taking up the charge with emphasis, almost with ferocity. As often does Peter deny his Lord, growing more and more emphatic as the proofs against him multiply. Baffled, if not convinced, the Jewish servants break out into another chorus, "They are all revolvers," consigning the entire sect of Nazarenes to perdition with vigour, and so terminating the episode. All through this portion of his work Mr. Benedict has written with a degree of force and effect deserving the highest eulogy. So much, however, might have been anticipated from one who has given ample proofs of ability to deal with situations of strong dramatic interest. "Repentance" is fittingly introduced by a tenor air, "The Lord is very pitiful," expressive of Divine readiness to forgive. This air is made one of the brightest gems in the work by its thorough originality, earnest, yet touching emphasis, and admirable skill. This song, in fact, has claims to rank with the best examples of its kind, no matter by whom composed. The taking of Jesus from Caiaphas to the Roman Governor is then shown, and the procession moves through the Hall where Peter is to the strains of a solemn march, which, suspended while a contralto recitative tells how "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter," finally dies away in the distance. Touched to the heart by the look he has received, Peter pours out his sorrow in an air, "O that my head were waters" quite equal to the exigencies of its position. The opening phrase, set to the words quoted, is, by a skilful device, rarely absent from the orchestra; its reiteration knitting the entire song closely together, and concentrating its meaning into one emphatic expression. From this point to the end of the scene various incidents of the great world-tragedy are made to pass before the eyes of the erring disciple, heightening his anguish and intensifying his self-reproach, till at the last he bursts forth into a passionate cry, "For all these things I weep." The general body of believers usher in the day of crucifixion, with a mournful chorus, "This is a day of wrath," one of the most powerfully written numbers in the work. The mother of Jesus next takes up the plaint in the soprano air, "I mourn as a dove," which expresses, if music ever did, the bitterness of deepest grief, in union with a tenderness even more pathetic. After this, the procession passes to Calvary; a dead march of no particular merit being first heard, followed by a taunting chorus of Jews (male voices), "Thou that destroyest the Temple," and by a well-contrasted full chorus of disciples, with organ accompaniment, "He is like a lamb." At last both choruses are worked together in most effective style, the *ensemble* being as interesting and imposing as any in the oratorio. A tenor solo then takes up the words of Jesus, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me," and affords another striking proof of Mr. Benedict's ability to deal with profound emotion. He has never written anything more impressive than this song. There are grief and tears in every bar of it; but more especially in the closing phrases, the merit of which could hardly be excelled. Irritated by the

prophecy of Jesus, the Jews exclaim against Him in a chorus, "He is worthy to die," the dead march being simultaneously resumed; and, as the latter fades away in the distance, Peter's utterance of sorrow falls upon the ear. The scene ends with a double chorus, "He will swallow up death in victory," a chorus Handelian in its breadth of treatment and grandeur of effect. "Deliverance" begins with a recitative setting forth the Herodian persecution, the imprisonment of Peter, and the coming of an angelic deliverer, who addresses the apostle in a vigorous and striking air, "Gird up thy loins." Composed for Mdlle. Tietjens, it is doubtful whether this number will have a place in the repertory of any artist less exceptionally gifted, its range being as uncommon as are its demands upon the singer's endurance. A chorus for angels, "Fear thou not," written for divided soprano and alto, comes next, but presents nothing emphatically demanding notice. In a brief air, with harp accompaniment, Peter speaks of opened heavens and "visions of God," after which a recitative continues the narrative of his deliverance, and leads to a song, "The Lord hath sent His angel," expressive of the apostle's gratitude. Overmuch modulation here somewhat tells against the effect of music otherwise dignified and appropriate; but, on the whole, Peter's last air is not unworthy of its predecessors. The Apostle's restoration to his waiting friends is told in the next recitative; and a chorus for the latter, "Sing unto the Lord," ends the oratorio, the final number being distinguished by a double fugue, masterly and vigorous enough to show that Mr. Benedict left off as fresh as he began. We need scarcely add that the orchestration throughout is remarkable for fancy and variety, and that the music generally is in the composer's well-known and distinctive style.

That *St. Peter* has weak points nobody will dispute; but, on the other hand, few will contest that it is a remarkable and meritorious production, worthy to hand down the name of its composer to posterity, and to give him a place among the masters of his art.

We can find but small space for the details of a performance which may be described in one word—success. Mr. Benedict had at disposal the best available means. Mr. Joseph Barnby's choir supplied a chorus of rare acquirements; the orchestra was efficient; and the principal vocalists were—save that Herr Stockhausen replaced Mr. Santley—the same as at the first hearing of *St. Peter* in Birmingham. Each artist gained more than one striking success. Mdlle. Tietjens, for example, made a profound impression in "I mourn as a dove," and the very different "Gird up thy loins," both being sung to perfection. The audience absolutely wished to encore Madame Patey's first recitative, and insisted on hearing twice "O thou afflicted," to which her lovely voice gave all needful expression. The tenor airs, but especially "The Lord is very pitiful," were sung in Mr. Sims Reeves's best manner, the last named making an unexampled sensation, and the music of Peter was interpreted very artistically by Herr Stockhausen, whose rendering of "Oh, that my head were waters," ranked among the best efforts of the evening. Bearing in mind how unfamiliar and difficult was the work in hand, Mr. Barnby's choir deserves high praise for the success they achieved; nor should the efforts of the orchestra be passed without commendation. We must add also that Mr. Raynham was an efficient second tenor, and that the organ—a very important instrument in *St. Peter*—was well played by Mr. Docker. Mr. Benedict conducted, and at the close received an ovation from an audience comprising the "everybody" of the world of art. No tribute could have been better earned, but the talented composer doubtless found sufficient reward in the indisputable success of his crowning work.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The competition for the Westmorland Scholarship and Potter Exhibition took place on Monday the 19th inst., at the Institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Professor Sterndale Bennett), Mr. F. R. Cox, Mr. W. Dorrell, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. H. C. Lunn, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Mr. Brinley Richards. The results were as follows: Westmorland Scholarship—Miss Mary Crawford (elected), Miss Pocklington, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Frith, and Miss Goode (highly commended). Potter Exhibition—Miss Agnes A. Channell (elected), Miss Field, Miss Taylor, Miss Gardner, and Miss Waite (highly commended).

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera Company have been giving a series of representations at the Theatre. *Il Trovatore* was performed on the opening night, when the house was crowded and Mdlle. Tietjens, the heroine of the evening, received with unbounded applause. *La Traviata* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* were the other operas, with Mdlle. Sessi in the principal parts.—Miss Walton's *matinée musicale* at the Pavilion was numerously attended, the Duchess of Cambridge having granted her name as patroness.—Mr. Haslam has given his "Musical Celebrations," which were hardly so well attended as they deserved.—Signor Mario's "farewell concert" was held on Saturday in the "Dome."—Other concerts have taken place during the last fortnight. The "Queen of watering places" is crowded with visitors.—Q.

ENGLISH OPERA IN AMERICA.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Of all the numerous attempts to present English opera, hitherto made in America, that of Mdlle. Parepa-Rosa last season was the best and most successful in every sense. Before her remarkable enterprise there had been no such conscientious preparation, artistic care, nor general completeness. Parties had travelled through the States with one or two capable players in the orchestra, and a few efficient chorists upon the stage, the rest of the instrumental and choral "forces" being composed of "extras," gathered by the wayside in the various cities "done" by the itinerant *troupe*; and who were utterly destitute of the requisite knowledge and experience. The conductor was necessarily a kind of musical "rough," his business being chiefly to help out deficiencies with a tinkling little cottage piano, and tinker up scores in which, as a matter of course, there must otherwise have been such "Gaps for ruin's wasteful entrance" as would have rendered the unfortunate composer's meaning perfectly unintelligible. A good soprano, contralto, tenor, bass, and *buffo*, represented respectively by Miss Caroline Richings (now Mrs. Bernard), Mrs. Belda Seguin, Messrs. W. Castle, S. Campbell, and E. Seguin, had to bear the entire burthen of the repertory; for beyond these excellent performers there was literally nothing and nobody to depend upon. Nevertheless, the "Richings' Opera troupe," as it was termed, went on for some years unchecked by any very conspicuous financial calamity. There was, however, a better time coming; and when it became known that Mdlle. Parepa-Rosa, the greatest favourite of the day in this part of the world, was about to throw all her talent and the *prestige* of her name, together with a large sum of money into a new English opera scheme, the most sanguine expectations were raised.

Two gentlemen, Messrs. C. D. Hess and, W. Crosby, well-known here in theatrical circles, through their connection with the Chicago Operahouse, went substantially into the project by staking twenty-two thousand dollars upon it; and thus the enterprise rested *ab initio* upon the solid basis of ready money.

But the next thing, and, indeed, the most important, was the use to which the ample funds in hand were to be put. Mr. Crosby, a sleeping partner in the concern, took no part in its direction. Mr. C. D. Hess, a theatrical manager of ability, and a commercial man of unimpeachable integrity, unwaveringly faithful to all his engagements—energetic, too, in business—was still not qualified by education or experience to select a company of musical artists, or interfere profitably in the direction of a strictly lyric theatre. The onerous duties of the management devolved then naturally upon Mr. Carl Rosa, and to his spirit and judgment must be rightfully ascribed a very large portion of the unexampled success achieved by the Parepa-Rosa English opera troupe.

Of course the name of the *prima donna* herself was a tower of strength. No singer ever held a higher position with the American public, and although Madame Parepa had already sung in concerts, oratorios, and Italian operas with splendid results, whether artistic or pecuniary, she had yet to be heard in English opera; and so the charm of novelty was added to the magnetic attraction, which had drawn crowds to all her previous performances. Another advantage to the enterprise was that it was inaugurated shortly after the great Boston Jubilee, where Madame Parepa carried off the chief honours, eliciting from an audience of 50,000 people such enthusiastic and genuine applause as I have rarely heard in the course of a pretty long experience. In short, the eminent artist's name was "up" all over the Union, and the moment consequently most propitious for the nascent English opera.

Mr. Carl Rosa, however, was sufficiently prudent and conscientious not to depend wholly upon his wife's name, nor even upon that associated with his own reputation, which stands very high in America; but set himself earnestly to the task of producing that excellence of *ensemble* which had hitherto been wanting in transatlantic English opera companies.

In my next letter I will furnish you with an account of the principal singers who travelled with the Parepa troupe (many of whom are unknown to you), the orchestral and choral organization, and a list of the operas performed during a brilliantly successful tour of nine months, believing that nothing relating to British art and artists, as, indeed, to the progress of music among our American cousins, can be indifferent to British musicians.

New York, December 9.

MUNICH.—The production of Isouard's opera, *Joconde*, at the Theatre Royal, has not turned out a success.—Cherubini's *Medea*, with the recitatives composed for it by Herr Franz Lachner, is in rehearsal at the same theatre.—Herr Nachbaur is better, but it will be some months before he can resume his professional duties. People do not recover from typhus fever in a day, any more than the City of the Seven Hills was erected in that period.

THE OVERTURES TO *FIDELIO*.

Every amateur knows the three overtures in C major, written by Beethoven for his opera, *Fidelio*; and how they represent, in a fashion wholly without parallel, the development of a first musical idea, through distinct and well marked stages, to proportions which are to it as the man to the child. The singular interest connected with these overtures must, from the first, have marked them out for more than the study which falls to the lot of any other work. Nothing, we need hardly say, has a greater fascination for intelligent observers than the mental processes by which great results are worked out. We have as keen a desire to know the *How* as the *Where*; and as eagerly seek to penetrate the mysteries of creation, as to discern whether creation itself is tending. In its own way, these *Leonora* overtures gratify us. To use the words of the eloquent and enthusiastic annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes, "Beethoven has admitted us, as it were, into his very work-room. All who have eyes to see and ears to hear, may behold him there, engaged in the actual heat and labour of composition and revision; here pruning and there compressing; rejecting old materials; snatching up new ones; erasing ineffective passages; extending and enforcing effective ones; laying in here a brilliant spot, and there a trenchant line; elaborating, altering, fusing all in the glowing fire of his genius, till the result is that wonderful work of art (*Leonora*, No. 3) of which the world may well be proud." Such a peep into the laboratory of a mighty alchemist (who really possessed the philosopher's stone, seeing that everything he touched turned to gold) is as precious as it is rare; and we may well be astonished that, till yesterday week, the three overtures had never been heard in England at any one concert. The greatest ideas always appear the most obvious when once they have been enunciated; and the thought which struck Mendelssohn of treating the *Leonora* overtures as a single work in three stages, seems the least far-fetched in the world. English concert-givers, however, have been slow to act upon it; and concert-goers have had to wait the doings of those vigorous pioneers at the Crystal Palace. Here, however, we are reminded of an "historic doubt," to which G., the annotator already quoted, evidently leans. We are not disposed to look with much favour upon historic doubts; regarding them as the troublesome out-growth of that feverish intellectual activity which, in our days, is ever seeking new fields of exertion. As a matter of fact, historic doubts are becoming a nuisance; and there seems every probability that they will succeed in reversing history; making the bad good, and the good bad; putting that first which is last, and that last which is first. But let us examine the historic doubt with which we are specially concerned. Looking at evidence furnished by Beethoven's sketch-book, Herr Nottebohm is disposed to think that *Leonora* No. 1 was written subsequent to *Leonora* No. 3—in other words, that Beethoven made a movement far to the rear of the spot (represented by *Leonora* No. 2) whence he started. Setting aside the inherent improbability of such a thing, we may urge that the nature of the evidence influencing Herr Nottebohm's opinion makes the evidence itself worthless if it be not convincing. Herr Nottebohm, who probably can better judge the testimony supplied by Beethoven's sketch-book than any man, is not positive about its conclusiveness, and that fact, to us, ends the matter. Abundant evidence exists in favour of the generally received opinion, and no mere speculations will upset it. As already stated, G. leans to the side of the doubter, which fact the following extract from his remarks upon *Leonora* No. 3 shows:—

"May it not have been a feeling on Beethoven's part that his overture was too great for his opera, that made him, on its reproduction in 1814, write a fourth prelude to it, in which the drama is sketched in proportions more befitting the dimensions of the story? This will be corroborated if, as is possible, the first overture should eventually prove to have been composed after the third, in the year 1808."

With much deference to one who speaks as an authority, it appears to us that, in the passage quoted, G. has fixed himself on the horns of a dilemma. Admitting that *Leonora* No. 1 was written in 1808, under the circumstances stated, what becomes of the reason why the *Fidelio* overture (in E) subsequently appeared? Beethoven had suited the opera with an adequate prelude, by a special effort, and it was not likely that he would make another with results every way less valuable. But as G. allows us to infer that somewhere or other he will give a reason for the faith that is in him, the dilemma may, in the light of his explanation, turn out more apparent than real.

We have neither time nor space for the elaborate comparison of overture with overture which the subject invites; but every purpose is served if we refer our readers to G.'s masterly exposition in a recent Crystal Palace programme. An attentive perusal of the annotator's remarks will make any one interested about the matter *au fait* with its details. On one point, however, we shall be glad to find the general opinion in disagreement with G., who offers the following observations in reference to *Leonora* No. 3:—

"The only accusation that can be brought against the overture appears to

be that it is too vast, not only for an operatic prelude, but for the subject of the story on which the opera is based. Instead of foreshadowing the personal griefs and joys, however momentous, of *Leonora* and *Florestan*, the anxieties of a gaoler, the perplexities of a clownish lover, the sufferings of a few prisoners, and the villainy of a petty commandant—instead of shadowing forth such petty occurrences as these, the 'Overture to *Leonora*,' always appears to me to be a fitting prelude to any of the most tremendous events or most terrible catastrophes that have occurred in history. The grief and the joy are the grief and joy not of private persons but of whole nations, the conflicts are the 'battles of shaking' of the Hebrew prophet. The whole overture appears to me to be lifted far above even the greatness of the opera which follows it—lifted far from the particular to the universal, from the individual to the national, from the simple to the complex, from the petty to the tremendous, from a misfortune to a catastrophe."

This is well expressed, but we must be pardoned for accounting it unphilosophical. The phenomena of which G. speaks as being more adequate to the lofty grandeur of Beethoven's opera, are but the aggregate outcome of individual emotions. There is nothing in this world greater than a human soul. Within it takes place revolutions, battles, victories, defeats, catastrophes, the manifestations of which makes history. A worm, when trodden on, "feels a pang as great as when a giant dies," and the single human soul is capable of all the joy and grief which strikes us as so imposing when manifested by many human souls at once. Beethoven was right, therefore, when he brought all the force of his genius to illustrate the divine affection and self-sacrifice of *Leonora*. The greatest event in the world's history was the execution of a Nazarene peasant; and, after it, Beethoven could have chosen nothing grander as a subject, than the woman who, risking the penalty, redeemed her husband. Emphatically therefore, we disagree with G.; and to use his own illustration, the trumpet-call which breaks in upon the turmoil of the orchestra, hushing it to silence, could have no greater result than arresting the criminal sword, and heralding the triumph of right.

THADDEUS EGG.

QUERY.

It was in London, and in eighteen hundred and eleven. Weber was in a boat on the river with some ladies, and began to perform on the flute, which he played to great perfection. But seeing that his boat was followed closely by another, in which were several young officers, he put his flute in his pocket.

"Why do you stop playing?" said one of the officers to Weber. "For the same reason that I began," replied the composer. "And that is?" "Because it pleases me." "Well, then," said the officer, "take up your flute again, or it will please me to throw you into the water."

The composer, seeing that the dialogue was unpleasant to the ladies he was with, gave way, and began playing again. When leaving his boat, however, he accosted the bold son of Mars, and said:—"Sir, the fear of annoying the people who were with me made me brook your insolence; but to-morrow I will have entire satisfaction. We can meet in Hyde Park at ten o'clock. If you have no objection we will fight with swords; we need no seconds; the quarrel is only between you and me, and it is quite useless to bring in strangers."

The officer accepted the challenge. He was at the rendezvous at the appointed hour and met Weber as agreed on. He drew his sword, and put himself on guard, when Weber presented a pistol at his throat. "Do you wish to murder me?" said the officer. "No," said Weber, "but be kind enough to put up that sword, and to dance a minuet, or you are a dead man."

The officer made some objection, but the authoritative and determined tone of Weber seemed to influence him, and notwithstanding the arrival of some people on the scene of action, he went through what he was asked, or rather told to do. "Sir," said the musician, "you compelled me yesterday to play against my wish—I have now compelled you to dance against yours. Our bond is over. However, should you be dissatisfied still, I am quite ready to give you any satisfaction you may wish for."

The officer held out his hand, and begged his adversary to honour him with his friendship. From that moment an attachment sprang up between them, which lasted to the day the illustrious composer died.—*Orpheus*.

["Orpheus"—thou art to be respected as an equestrian! We have heard this anecdote ere now; but, if we remember not egregiously, the hero was either Spontini or some one else.—A. S. S.]

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Mdm. Artôt-Padilla and her husband have been singing successfully at the Stadttheater. They appeared, also, at the Museum Concert, where they met with an equally gratifying reception.

STUTTGART.—Herr Robert von Hornstein has just completed the music of a ballet entitled, *Der Blumen Rache* (*The Revenge of the Flowers*), and founded upon Freiligrath's poem of the same name. It has been accepted, and will shortly be produced, at the Theatre Royal.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—A correspondent favours us with the following:—

"The Literary and Mechanics' Institute United Choral Society which comprises members of the Mechanics' Institutes in and around Malvern, gave their first concert on Thursday, December 15, at Mr. Haynes's room, which was tolerably well filled. The programme consisted of anthems, choruses, &c., followed by glees, songs, and secular choruses. All were rendered with precision and execution by the numerous choir, under the able *bâton* of their conductor, Mr. J. T. Horneblow, organist of Tewkesbury Abbey Church. The society was assisted on this occasion by Master Newth and Mr. Milward, of Worcester Cathedral Choir. The former sang several ballads very prettily, each time being rapturously encored, and Mr. Milward, who possesses a fine baritone voice, sang several solos, his power and expression being much admired. The concert passed off satisfactorily.

BEDFORD.—The *Messiah* was given by the Amateur Musical Society of this town on Tuesday week, and a local journal says, with regard to its performance:—

"Miss Robertine Henderson was the soprano, and the society also availed themselves of two eminent professional violinists. As it would be impracticable to go in detail through the programme, we may say that the society was, on the whole, most successful in the production of this arduous work. The Pastoral Symphony was rendered with admirable sweetness and effect. The recitatives and airs were also appreciated; while the choruses were sustained with power and precision. 'Thou art gone up on high' was rendered with much feeling and effect, while 'Why do the nations?' was also creditable to local talent. 'Let us break their bonds,' and the 'Hallelujah,' were also amongst the most successful efforts of the evening. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' was the gem of the evening, Miss Henderson infusing into it a depth of feeling and devotional earnestness which indicated not only professional powers of a high order but also dramatic taste and refined culture, qualities and gifts which were apparent in the rendering of every passage sung by this talented lady throughout the evening. The 'Amen Chorus,' was a fitting conclusion to an excellent performance."

LIVERPOOL.—The *Liverpool Mercury* of Dec. 20 says:—

"The Societa Armonica, on Saturday evening, commemorated the centenary of the birth of Beethoven by devoting the whole of the public concert programme to selections from his works. The hall of the Liverpool Institute, was filled, and therefore the object in view will be satisfactorily attained. The chief composition on the programme was Beethoven's No. 2 Symphony. If the opening *adagio* and *allegro* were not so steadily played as one could have wished, the *largo* was interpreted with rare sympathy and intelligence, while the two remaining portions of the symphony left little to be desired. In the opening overture to *Prometheus*, the band also showed that careful study and thorough appreciation were not wanting. The chorus rendered the 'Kyrie and Gloria' from No. 1 Mass, 'Susceptible Hearts' and 'Hail, mighty Master' from the *Ruins of Athens* and the 'Hallelujah' from the *Mount of Olives*, with great spirit, and marked precision. The long and trying air, 'Ah! perfido,' was sung by Miss Monkhouse in a most artistic and finished style, while Mr. T. J. Hughes showed both vocal power and musical intelligence in 'Without money all is sorrow' (*Fidelio*). The famous trio, 'Tremate empitremate,' rendered by Miss Monkhouse, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. James McArdle, was a most interesting item. Mr. Lawson's playing of the Romance in F was brilliant and effective, and Mr. Armstrong ably fulfilled his duties as conductor."

CROYDON.—Referring to a very interesting concert given by Mr. George Russell on Tuesday week, the local *Advertiser* says:—

"It is the fashion to decry classical music as 'dry.' Propose a sonata by Beethoven or Mozart at a few friends and a little music party, and you are likely to be outvoted in favour of Sydney Smith or Virginia Gabriel. In seaside places we have often felt oppressed by the noise of a band, drowning for a few moments that ineffable ceaseless music of the ocean which we had come miles to hear and feel; but we knew that minutes measured the existence of that noise whilst ages could not alter the grandeur of that music. Such state of things as we have alluded to is the transient striving against, and for a moment mastering the permanent—the changing surpassing by its glitter the steady glow of the lasting. No one who was with us in the Public Hall on Tuesday and heard the hearty and continued applause which greeted the *Kreutzer* sonata; and that lowliest of the Beethoven string quartets No. 5 (in A major), could have failed to see that common drawing-room music is the noisy seaside band, prevailing temporarily against the resistless wave of true taste and true music. That an audience should remain, with but few exceptions, to the close of a long concert, entirely composed of classical masterpieces, all the work of one man's brain, shows that the musical press and popular concerts have made their first step in the musical education of England. Mr.

Russell selected as his solo the grand sonata in C, Op. 53. The great difficulties of the composition, are the explanation at once of Mr. Russell's exclusive 'copyright' (at Croydon), and of its selection for this concert. Nevertheless, we wish he had chosen another. The difficulties, of course, were well surmounted, but the plan of the work is not so clear as that of many other sonatas by the same composer; and the work is not to our mind so beautiful nor so representative of its many-sided author as half-a-dozen we could name. In one word, the player sacrificed himself to the author. We confess to have enjoyed much more keenly the matchless duet sonata for pianoforte and violin, which has immortalized Kreutzer, to whom it was dedicated, and which, as regards difficulty, is almost child's play to the solo sonata in C of which we have just spoken. By the deep attention and appreciative applause given to one of the best performances we have ever heard proved that our own delight was shared by all present. After the 'Kreutzer,' the work which gained the most applause, was the quartet, No. 5, in A for stringed instruments only, played by Messrs. Straus, Louis Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert. These artists play so much together—notably at the celebrated Monday Popular Concerts—that we might have expected a finished performance, but the delicacy and fervent expression which characterized the playing of all four, especially of Messrs. Straus (violin) and Daubert (violoncello) were far beyond our anticipations. Two great works still remain to be noticed: the duet sonata, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and the trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, No. 1, in E flat, which opened the concert. In both Mr. Russell completely won the ear of his audience, and was well matched by Messrs. Straus and Daubert in the trio, and Mr. Daubert in the duet. Miss Banks sang 'Ah, Perfidio!' and 'The Quail,' as well as 'Kennst du das Land.' Mr. Nordblom sang 'Adelaide,' in German. When we say that Beethoven's centenary was worthily celebrated on Tuesday last, we think that higher or truer praise to the artists concerned, especially to Mr. George Russell, it is not in our power to give."

EDINBURGH.—The *Scotsman* of December 16, contains the following:—

"Professor Oakeley gave yesterday afternoon an organ performance in honour of Beethoven, whose birthday was the 17th December, 1770. The programme consisted entirely of arrangements, as the great master wrote no organ music, and ran as follows:—

"Kyrie Eleison, Mass in D; *Larghetto*, from Symphony No. 2; *Adagio* and *Tempo di Menuetto*, from Septuor; Song, 'Adelaide'; *Allegretto*, from Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Cello; *Adagio*, Fragment from P. F. Concerto, No. 5; Overture, 'Egmont.'"

"Adelaide," admirably sung by a distinguished amateur tenor, was an unexpected and acceptable variety. Mr. Oakeley's prefatory remarks related in part to the various Beethoven celebrations going on this year in Germany and in Britain. He drew a contrast between the *Missa Solennis* in D and the Mass in C written twenty years earlier, speaking of the former (together with the vocal portions of the Choral Symphony) as the most elaborate and difficult choral music ever conceived. He ended by characterizing Beethoven as the greatest composer in pure music, independent of the materialism of words, and therefore the greatest composer whom the world has yet seen."

WEYMOUTH.—We read as follows in the *Southern Times*:—

"Herr Van Heddeghem and Mr. Avant's concert on Monday was by no means so extensively patronized as it deserved, but this was due more to uncontrollable circumstances than to the apathy of the musical public of Weymouth. The first piece on the programme was Beethoven's sonata in F for violin and piano, the performers being Herr Van Heddeghem and Mr. Avant. The violin being master of the situation in a great measure, effectiveness depends much on this instrument, and Herr Van Heddeghem was, as usual, perfect. His mastery of the mechanical intricacies of the violin, renders him peculiarly qualified to execute music of this elevated standard, and his colleague at the piano ably maintained the place he has won as a first-rate executant. Mr. Avant's pianoforte solo, a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' obtained a large share of the honours of the evening, the touch, phrasing, and purity with which it was delivered being remarkable. The first part terminated with the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, played by Herr Van Heddeghem, with Mr. Avant as accompanist. It was one of the most superb displays of talent we have had the good fortune to hear. The second part opened with Mozart's sonata in A, for violin and piano, executed with the same finish that had characterized the previous part of the concert. Mr. Avant's piano fantasia (Wehli) was another of the gems of the evening, as was a violin fantasia, by Herr Van Heddeghem, written by him some years ago. The theme is original, and the variations founded in it present the greatest diversity without losing the identity of their source; nevertheless, Herr Van Heddeghem acquitted himself with wonderful certainty and precision. The concert concluded with Gounod's 'Meditation on Bach's First Prelude, for violin, piano, and voice. We hope another concert of this delightful character will shortly be given."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTH CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9TH, 1871.

*To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.***TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

SIR FLOLL OF THE OUTISLES.—Born July 24, 1803, M. Alexandre Dumas, Marquis Daivy de la Pailletterie, was sixty-seven years old when he died. The complete list of his works will be found in Quérard's 'Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées,' tome 1, part 2, together with a number of biographical details and anecdotes.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENARY.

A CONTEMPORARY well observes, that "England, represented by her metropolis, need not be ashamed of the manner in which the hundredth birthday of Beethoven has been kept." We are a people not given to making a fuss and pother over every feast in the calendar. Saints' days, high days, and holidays (one or two of the latter excepted) come and go so quietly that only students of the almanack or microscopic observers know anything about them. The reason is, that Englishmen hate "demonstrations;" accounting life much too serious a matter for any part of it to be wasted in mere effusiveness. Whether they are right or wrong is a point not now for discussion; but the fact nobody can dispute; and in view of it there never was a doubt that the Beethoven Centenary, if observed at all, would be observed in a businesslike manner, and for business purposes. The result is one more proof of how far private enterprise in England atones for the absence of that organizing spirit which, elsewhere, gives something like national importance to public festivals. Ours is essentially the country of self-help; and if men want anything done they must either do it themselves or show others that the task can be made profitable. We very well know that such a state of things smacks more than a little of the shop; but this is an imperfect world, and the good of independent action and self-reliance cannot be had without the stimulus of private reward. The millenium has not yet come; when it has, journalists of the time may be able to report astounding instances of unalloyed public spirit.

We should hesitate to call the circumstances unfortunate which placed the observance of Beethoven's Centenary in the hands of professional entrepreneurs. The work was not only done in businesslike fashion, as we have already observed, but in precisely the way adapted to effect most good. Suppose a monster "demonstration" had been organized at the Crystal Palace, combining the energies of every interested party, or else making efforts elsewhere futile, what would have been the result?

Doubtless, great prominence for the event of the day, great talk about Beethoven, and considerable wonder at the growth of modern musical resources. But the affair would have bettered nobody by an increased knowledge of the master's works; it would have been, in fact, mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Happily, there was no chance of such a thing passing; and, therefore, it was not attempted—an obvious preference being given to many modest performances over one pretentious exhibition. It is satisfactory to count up the resultant gains. What, for example, have the London public heard within the last two or three months, to say nothing of works presented at other periods of the centenary year? At the Monday Popular Concerts a large proportion of Beethoven's earlier chamber compositions have been heard, including the first ten quartets and the Septet, including also a selection of songs not often brought forward. At the Crystal Palace the nine symphonies, the five pianoforte concertos, and all the master's overtures, two excepted, have formed but part of a rich and varied programme. The Sacred Harmonic Society has given the Mass in C and the *Mount of Olives*, while *Fidelio* has been played at Covent Garden and smaller musical associations scattered over the wide metropolitan area, have energetically followed in the wake of their larger brethren. Beyond question here is a goodly list; and when we add to it works performed in the chief provincial towns—Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, for example—it is impossible to say that England has been backward in honouring Beethoven whatever country may take precedence. The ultimate issue of all these doings can only be guessed; but in the very nature of things, it must be great, since to a great result the cause is adequate. How many who understood and appreciated Beethoven before, now understand and appreciate him more thoroughly than ever? And how many, to whom he was but an undefined shadow, now discern in him attractive lineaments, to see which is to love? We cannot but have faith in abundant outcomes such as these; nor can we refuse to believe that the first Beethoven Centenary has done more to advance Beethoven's rightful fame than the propagandism of many foregoing years. For this, let us insist once more, thanks are due to a mode of keeping the feast which, while it glorified nobody but the hero of the time, was of the greatest public service.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

At the 31st general meeting of the shareholders in the Crystal Palace Company, held on Monday, the President, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., M.P., made the following reference to the late general manager, Mr. R. K. Bowley:—

"The shareholders would remark on the last page of the report a reference to the loss which the company had sustained by the death of the late Mr. Bowley, the general manager, and most, if not all, the shareholders present would feel with him that the order of the items should be so far reversed as to admit of his paying a small tribute to the memory of a gentleman who had passed from amongst them, but who had, for a long series of years, devoted a vast amount of energy and ability to promoting the success of the company. When Mr. Bowley was appointed general manager, the company, in consequence of its very extravagant outlay in early years, was in considerable difficulty, and from the moment of his appointment he devoted his time, and great ability, and talent to remedying the mistakes which had been made, and putting the company upon a sound footing by earning a dividend for the shareholders. (Loud cheers.) Of course it would be simply impossible for any man to be able to please every member of a large body of shareholders such as composed the Crystal Palace Company, but there was no man who had devoted more time, attention, ability, and energy to promoting the interests of the company he served than the late Mr. Bowley, and the shareholders owed him a deep debt of gratitude."

How thoroughly deserved was this graceful tribute of respect we need hardly remind our readers.

A CONTEMPORARY has the following curious paragraph:—

"*Appropos* of the pedants who have been cruder in nothing than their talk about 'inner meaning,' 'plagiarism,' and such matters, attention is due to a recent article in the *Orchestra* touching the misdeeds—say rather the good deeds—of Handel; who, rich and noble as he was, laid hands on and beautified whatever it pleased him to appropriate, or resorted to his memory unconsciously. This paper contains the plain, healthy truth as regards musical invention—or rather the adaption and application of certain notes to certain phrases of expression. Mozart's 'Life let us cherish' is reproduced (confessedly) in the prelude to Rossini's *Semiramide* overture and Rossini's phrase again (by merely a transformation of the *tempo*), in that most magnificent piece of modern combination in oratorio music—the 'Sanctus,' in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

First—we recognize in the above, not the accredited musical critic of the *Athenæum*, but his predecessor. Secondly—what is Mozart's "Life let us cherish"? Thirdly—Rossini never confessed anything of the kind; had he done so he would have been (which he was triumphantly not)—a donkey. Fourthly—the talk about Mendelssohn's "Sanctus" is nonsense.

A WRITER in an American paper (the *Hartford Post*) thus sums up his opinions of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson:—

"She is Like a Railroad Train at Highest Speed, with a Load of Hearts—She Sails, Also, and upon a Full Tide—She suddenly Reverses Her Steam, Stops Short, Comes Out, Strong in her Soft Passages, and Goes Across a High Bridge Over a Torrent Firm on its Foundations, the Hushed Atmosphere, Meantime Being Highly Charged with Romance." How is that for high?

How is that for high?—appropriately enquires the *Philadelphia Evening City Item*.

THE *New York Herald* of Nov. 22nd has the subjoined reference to Mdlle. Nilsson:—

"At the recent Steinway Hall concerts Christine Nilsson exhibited wonderful power in the scene from *Hamlet* and the scene from *Faust*. For the nonce all the drawbacks and deficiencies of a concert room were forgotten. The audience caught a glimpse of the real scope of her genius. The emotional and intellectual expression of her face was intense, and her acting was no less superb than the management of her pure, sweet-toned voice was faultless. Each scene was a fine dramatic illusion. A strong desire was at once awakened to see and hear this consummate artist in opera, the sphere in which her greatest European triumphs were won."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 16th has the following, *apropos* of the most recent Public Rehearsal of the Royal Academy of Music:—

"The last 'public rehearsal' by the students of the Royal Academy of Music was one of more than ordinary interest, the conspicuous feature of the programme being a selection (Parts 1 and 2) from John Sebastian Bach's *Weihnachts Oratorium* ('Christmas Oratorio'). Mr. John Hullah conducted. Bach's choral music is always more or less difficult; and in the present instance it was wholly strange, the oratorio never before having been publicly tried in this country. The attempt was therefore highly laudable, and the young singers to whom the solo parts were confided (Misses Maudsley and Marian Severn, Messrs. Shakspeare, Howells, Wadmore, and Parry) are entitled to much credit. The chorus was, on the whole, tolerably efficient; not so the orchestra. There was enough of good, however, in the performance to deserve all encouragement. The students of the Royal Academy can hardly be better engaged than in such endeavours."

To Dr. Ibrahim Sadoke Silent.

MY SINGULAR GOOD SILENT.—The readers of your incomparable *Musical World* will have seen with interest the subjoined announcement in the *Times*:—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Secretary of the Inland Revenue has received, by the Collector of Lambourn Ward, from 'B. O. S.,' half-notes for £30, on account of income-tax."

It may occur to some musicians that half-notes for £30 on account of income-tax, will, when re-united to their other halves, amount to what is familiarly called a pretty tune. This consideration may suggest to income-tax payers, that if the pipe of peace should be broken with Russia to the tune of some hundreds of millions, they alone will have to pay the piper. In that case, anybody who pays any more income-tax than he can help, and voluntarily sends any money "on account" of it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the Secretary of the Inland Revenue, may well sign himself "B. O. S." His name would be Bovis in the genitive case; he would be a beef-headed fellow, and a Blessed Old Simpleton.—I am, my singular good Silent, yours as ever,

Punch.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

CAMBERWELL.—Miss Charlotte James's annual concert took place in Camberwell Hall on the 13th inst., and was attended by a numerous company. The pianoforte performances of the fair *beneficiaire*, who proved herself a talented and accomplished artist, formed an attractive feature, and commanded the warmest approbation. Herr Otto Booth (violin), Mr. Wresar (violoncello), Signor Felix Bitti (flute), and Miss Ehrenberg, an apt pupil of Miss James, assisted in the interpretation of some well chosen classical subjects; and the list of vocalists comprised the names of Miss Annie Sinclair, Mr. Henry Gordon, Mr. Ralph Percy, and Mr. Henry Clive. Altogether the programme was of a very pleasing nature, and afforded the liveliest satisfaction to Miss James's many friends.—W. H. P.

MR. CHARLES STANTON gave an entertainment at the Vestry Hall Chelsea, on Tuesday evening, December 6th, entitled "Over the Border." The first part consisted of the expedition and misfortunes of Prince Charles Edward, with appropriate songs; and the second part was miscellaneous. Mr. Stanton's singing of the Jacobite songs, especially "Wha'll be King but Charlie," obtained for him deserved applause. "The Hundred Pipers," "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," "He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel," "Will ye no come back again," "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie," were also admired. The late Mr. Rodwell's martial song, "Draw the sword, Scotland," concluded the first part of the entertainment. The miscellaneous songs given were "Mary Morrison," "Auld Robin Gray," "Scots, wha hae," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Hame cam our gudeman," &c. M. Stanton was listened to throughout by a select and attentive audience, who manifested their appreciation of his ability, by enthusiastically recalling him at the end of both portions of his entertainment. We wish Mr. Stanton every success. The lovers of Scotch music had a treat of no ordinary character.

BRITTON.—The residents in this suburb have had abundant opportunities of listening to high-class music lately, and, to do them justice, let it be said that they have not been backward in using them. Since the commencement of the present month these concerts, each of which boasted some peculiar features of interest, have been given at the Institute in the Gresham Road. Taking them in order, the first event was a performance of Mr. Barnby's new Scriptural idyll, *Rebekah*, and Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, by the Britton Choral Society. Whether the two works were placed in juxtaposition with a view of provoking a comparison is not known, but the light and graceful music of the pastoral certainly carried away all the honours. Mr. Barnby's work was accorded a very patient and attentive hearing, and received justice at the hands of Mr. Lemare's well rehearsed choir; but, with the exception of the solo and chorus, "Who shall be fleetest?" the numbers failed to elicit decided approbation. The solos of the evening were sung by Miss Emily Spiller, Madame Estelle, Mr. Steadman, and Mr. J. S. Beale.—A day or two subsequently the Amateur Musical Society held their second concert, when the orchestra performed Haydn's "Letter Q" symphony, the *Athalia* march, an operatic selection on *Faust*, and the overture to the *Domino Noir*. The playing was characterized by more than the usual amount of care and precision, and each effort evoked warm applause. Mdlle. Berri contributed two pianoforte pieces, which met with the recognition they merited, whilst vocal solos were given by Miss Frederica Taylor, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Wilson.—The third concert, and to the musical student, the most interesting, was given by Mr. Ridley Prentice last week. The programme was then constituted entirely of Beethoven's chamber compositions, and included the serenade trio, Waldstein sonata, pianoforte trio in C minor, and the romance in G for violin. The sonata was played by Mr. Prentice with great brilliancy, and more than ever evinced his fine capabilities as a solo performer. Mr. H. Blagrove rendered the violin romance to such perfection that the audience insisted upon its repetition, and carried the point. In the concerted pieces, the concert-giver was aided by Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Richard Blagrove, and Mr. Aylward, from which it may be gathered that all went satisfactorily. Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. Harley Vining, and Mr. Hillier supplied the vocal pieces, which, like the instrumental, were Beethoven's; and Mr. G. S. Minson conducted. The audience on this occasion was more than ordinarily large.—W. H. P.

PRAGUE.—Herr Jules de Swert lately appeared at a concert with great success. Among other things, he played a Concerto for Violoncello, by Molique, and a composition by J. S. Bach.

CARLSRUHE.—The Cecilia Association recently gave a concert in honour of the German Soldiers who have fallen in the war. The programme was thus constituted:—Choral, "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden," Bach; chorus of lamentation from *Judas Maccabeus*, Handel; "Die Wacht am Rhein," Veres with connecting Music; Funeral March from the *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven; chorus from *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn; and *Requiem*, Cherubini.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The last of the twelve ante-Christmas concerts at the Crystal Palace, in the programme of which, for reasons unnecessary to state over again, so large a share has been devoted to the music of Beethoven, was given on Saturday afternoon. This concert was not only the last, but the best, of the series. Mr. Manns had prepared a selection rich in variety and excellence, the most conspicuous feature being the Choral Symphony—the unparalleled “No 9,” which it is difficult to imagine that the “No 10,” projected though never carried out, could possibly have surpassed, although, if certain authorities may be credited, it was conceived by Beethoven on a still vaster scale. The solo vocal parts in the final movement of the symphony were entrusted to Misses Arabella Smythe and Julia Elton, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Herr Stockhausen, who did their best to give effect to that which it is scarcely within the bounds of possibility to make effective. All the rest of the performance was magnificent. It is superfluous to praise the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, which, by force of unceasing earnestness and diligence, Mr. Manns has placed at the head of all our orchestras; but we are glad to be able to say a word of emphatic praise in favour of the Crystal Palace Choir, which, though at first showing no great promise, has recently exhibited such signs of improvement as to justify a hope that not long hence Mr. Manns will have a first rate chorus as well as a first-rate orchestra at disposal. The choral portions of the Ninth Symphony—how difficult need hardly be said—were for the most part extremely well sung; and we may almost say, for the first time in our remembrance, that those in the *Choral Fantasia*—another feature in the programme—were done to perfection, not a “hitch” being observable. The pianoforte part in this fanciful and exquisite composition—interesting not merely on its own account, but because it was produced immediately after the “C minor” and “Pastoral” symphonies (Nos. 5 and 6), and immediately before the fifth, last, and greatest of the pianoforte concertos (in E flat)—was entrusted to Madame Arabella Goddard, who for many years has been its worthiest interpreter, and who never played it with more brilliant success than on the occasion under notice. A still more remarkable performance, however, of our English pianist was that of the “thirty-two variations on a theme in C minor” (composed in 1807, the year before the Mass in C), perhaps Beethoven’s most original and masterly essay in this style. The variations referred to are, probably on account of their extreme difficulty, seldom played in public; nor are they, at a first hearing, very easy to appreciate at their worth. The now (thanks to Mr. Manns) pretty well cultivated audience of the Crystal Palace, however, seemed to understand them almost as well as they understood the more familiar, because more frequently played, “Choral Fantasia,” and called back the performer at the end of one as heartily as they had called her back at the end of the other. The remaining instrumental piece in this most attractive programme was the overture to *Prometheus* (*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, a ballet to which Beethoven set music in the year 1800—“Ein heroisches, allegorisches Ballet,” as it was styled in the bills of the Burg-Theater at Vienna, where it was originally produced). This opened the concert with wonderful spirit, and was well in place, if only on account of its being the first of Beethoven’s orchestral compositions ever made known to England. Our grandmothers were more or less familiar with this overture, and tried, more or less successfully, to play it on the pianoforte, in alternation with Kotzwara’s famous “Battle of Prague,” Nicolai’s scarcely less famous “Sonata in C,” and Pleyel’s even more famous “Concertante” and “Variations on the German Hymn” (the “German Hymn,” be it remembered). Now, however, that not only the “Sonata in C” of Nicolai is forgotten, like its hundred-and-one companions, that Pleyel’s “Concertante” and his “Variations” on the “German Hymn,” rest equally in oblivion, and that even the “Battle of Prague” itself is neglected by our pianists (shame upon them!)—the overture to *Prometheus* flourishes as an evergreen, and, so long as music exists, so long will it flourish in the same wise.

The vocal selection, also exclusively from Beethoven, included one of his arrangements of Irish melodies for two voices, accompanied by pianoforte, violin, violoncello, to Johanna Baillie’s words, “Sweet power of Song” (better known in England as “Rich and rare were the gems she wore,” thanks to Tom Moore), sung in duet by Misses Ellen Horne and Julia Elton; the inevitable “Adelaide,” by Vernon Rigby, who, in consequence of the non-appearance of the appointed pianist, was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mdme. Goddard; the four settings of Goethe’s stanzas, “Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,” given by Miss Arabella Smythe (accompanied by Mr. Beringer), with

a certain monotony of style, as though Beethoven had intended them to be all the same, whereas he intended them to be all different, or he would not have set them four times over; and two of the *Lieder* from Op. 75. to the poetry of Goethe, for whom at one period of his life Beethoven had an almost rabid enthusiasm. These last-named—“Kennst du das Land” (Mignon’s song in *Wilhelm Meister*), and “Herz, mein Herz” (or “Neue Liebe, neues Leben”)—were admirably given by Herr Stockhausen, who was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Franklin Taylor. Altogether, this concert in honour of Beethoven was one with which no lover of Beethoven could have felt otherwise than content; and not a little of the gratification derived was owing to the erudite and entertaining annotations by “G,” which go so far to open the eyes of the Crystal Palace public to the merits of each particular piece in the programme.

The next Saturday concert will not take place till the 21st of January.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER.

We take the following notice of a concert given by Mr. Glover from *Watson’s Art Journal*:—

The complimentary benefit of Mr. Howard Glover, at Wallack’s Theatre, on Wednesday morning last, was a failure, miserable beyond expression. The public is a strange mixture of coolness and enthusiasm; now liberal as the day for remote purposes, and again stony-hearted and close-fisted to appeals near at hand. It seems only necessary to inform the public of the needs of some worthy artist, to lock up every generous sentiment and to insure an empty auditorium. An excellent programme was offered, to be executed by such artists as Madame Anna Bishop, Mrs. Zelda Harrison Seguin, Miss Marie Krebs Mdme. Krebs-Michalesi, Signor Ronconi, Mr. J. R. Thomas, and Mr. Alberto Lawrence; and yet there were scarcely a hundred persons present, including the free list! But if the public expressed their indifference by their absence, a more criminal indifference was shown by some of the artists whose names appeared on the programme. Neither Madame nor Miss Krebs, nor Mrs. Zelda Seguin, nor Mr. Lawrence, put in an appearance, and only a general apology as to sickness was made for their absence. We think some explanation is due to the public for such a breach of faith to them: for it would have been the same if the audience had been composed of thousands instead of a hundred. What epidemic was it that thus incapacitated four artists at the same time? Was it a real indisposition, or only a disposition not to appear? Did they volunteer their services in a good cause, or were their names used without their permission? We should like to know the facts of the case, and some explanation is due either from the recalcitrant artists or from the *beneficiaire* if Mr. Glover can be so named in this instance. Those artists who were present exerted themselves nobly, Madame Anna Bishop, like the true woman and splendid artist that she is, supplied some deficiencies by adding to her number of pieces, and her kind efforts were cordially appreciated by all present. Signor Ronconi, whose services are so freely and generously tendered for charitable purposes, and Mr. J. R. Thomas aided the efforts of Madame Bishop in the cause, and put the audience in a good humour by their admirable singing and their generous zeal. It was a pleasure to listen to two such highly cultivated artists. Mr. Harry Sanderson came forward at a moment’s notice, in place of Miss Krebs, and played with his usual dash and brilliancy. Mr. Howard Glover conducted his orchestra in a very able manner, and the selections from his opera made a pleasurable sensation and were very cordially received, considering the slowness of the audience. The whole affair was every way worthy of liberal public patronage and we most sincerely regret that his efforts to deserve and secure that patronage should pass so utterly without response.”

CASSEL.—Beethoven’s Centenary was to be duly celebrated at the Theatre Royal, and the celebration was to last three evenings. *Fidelio* and a Prologue were to be given on the first evening; *Egmont* on the second; and the Ninth Symphony on the third.

ROME.—An old custom of the Eternal City has been summarily swept away with the temporal power of his Holiness the Pope. Every year, shortly before Christmas, the *Pifferari* used to come down from the Abruzzi, and sing their simple recitatives, to the accompaniment of their shepherds’ pipes, and their bag-pipes, before every effigy of the Virgin. They considered it a religious duty to imitate those shepherds who once visited the manger where our Saviour lay. It is true that their strains disturbed the morning slumbers of many persons who happened to have returned late from some ball or party; but the fact of these skin-clad musicians of the mountains appearing in the streets at this peculiar season had a whiff of antiquity about it very grateful and refreshing to a large number of individuals, especially foreigners. However, in the eyes of the Italian police authorities, a *pifferaro* is nothing more nor less than an organ-grinder is in the estimation of that highly-sensitive but deeply-respected mathematician, Mr. Babbage—a nuisance to be summarily removed; and so, removed he has been.

SCOTTISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(From a Correspondent.)

This society has brought over from Berlin, for the season, an orchestra of fifty performers, and, under the conductorship of Mr. Adam Hamilton, is giving a series of subscription concerts, of which the fourth took place at Edinburgh, on Monday, the 12th instant. The strings were, as usual, reinforced by Miss Bertha and Miss Emmy Drechsler Hamilton, daughters of the conductor, who have a high reputation, not only in the modern Athens, but at Leipzig, as solo-violinists.

The orchestral part of the concert included the overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Le Siège de Corinthe*, all well played and with spirit, and as the *pièce de résistance* the *Reformation* Symphony. The last named work has only been heard once before in Edinburgh, at the Reid Concert of 1868, and it was not quite so satisfactorily rendered on this occasion. Herr Rothfeld, a resident pianist of some note, played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor; and Miss Agnes Drechsler Hamilton, aged fourteen (a sister of the ladies already named), gave a very excellent rendering of De Beriot's first violin concerto, playing with a tone and expression that betoken great future excellence. The vocalist was Madame Vanzini, first known in Edinburgh two years ago. She is at all times an acceptable visitor both as an operatic and a concert singer, and had on this occasion a warm reception. Her voice has gained both in flexibility and power since we first heard her, and not a little disappointment was felt in many quarters when she did not form one of Mr. Mapleson's company during their last visit to this city. Her first song, "Bel raggio," is very exacting, but the difficult runs and embellishments were all, except perhaps the closing cadenza, given with great perfection. Her two other songs, Sullivan's "Lullaby," and Spohr's "Rose, softly blooming," had each the compliment of an encore; the former being given very sweetly, while in the latter—differing entirely from the style of music in which we have hitherto heard her—Madame Vanzini sang with much feeling and expression.

The society gave a similar concert at the City Hall, Glasgow, the next evening; and the programme included the selections above-named, with Carl Reinecke's *entr'acte* from *König Manfred*. This charming *entr'acte*, for strings *con sordini*, was delicately played and repeated; and the movement suggests that it might be desirable to know more of the music written by Reinecke to Frederick Rörber's drama. The vocalist was again Madame Vanzini, who is as great a favourite at Glasgow as at Edinburgh, and whose singing of the Queen of Night's music in the *Zauberflöte* is still remembered. She gave the same songs at Edinburgh with equal success, and being recalled after each, she added an air—we believe especially written for her by Mr. Harrison of Edinburgh—with such feeling as to make her hearers wish they may again have the pleasure of listening to this favourite artist.

Hips from Punch.

The *Vicar of Wakefield* will shortly be produced as a ballet. "Shortly" applies to the costumes.

An enthusiastic *habitué* being present at Drury Lane on the appearance of Miss Victoria Vokes as Amy Robarts, broke out into the following impromptu:—

"The others may be clever folks,
But Miss V. Vokes my praise evokes."

The gentleman is supposed by the stall-keeper to have been Mr. Alfred Tennyson in disguise.

In consequence of the enormous success of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. Phelps will appear as Othello.

A composer has set the Poet-Laureate to music. The new volume of twelve short poems is soon to appear with Notes by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. One of the short pieces is entitled (we hear) *The Gemini*; or *the Birthday of Cox and Box*: An ode.

COLOGNE.—First Soirée for Chamber Music: Serenade for Piano and Violoncello, Op. 109, Ferdinand Hiller; Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, F major, Beethoven.—Concert of the "Tonkünstlerverein": Variations for four Hands, Brahms; Sonata for Violin, Tartini; Pianoforte Quartet, Kiel; Andante and Scherzo for a stringed Quartet, Kottlitz; Pianoforte Pieces, Handel; and Songs for Soprano.

KÖNIGSBERG.—The musicians among the French prisoners of war lately petitioned for, and received, permission to give a concert. The landlord of the Odeum thus announced the unusual entertainment: "On Sunday, the 11th inst, a Grand Military Concert will be given, by twenty-five French military bandmen, prisoners of war, in uniform, and under the direction of their bandmasters, MM. Baume and Bonelle." A similar concert came off a short time ago in Breslau, and attracted thousands.

NEW MUSIC.

"God speed the Galatea" (Williams) is a song for which Mr. Alfred B. Allen is wholly responsible, both words and music being of his concoction. Here is a sample of the former:—

"God speed her, oh, may God speed her,
O'er the ocean, without fear;
O nations, let your prayer be—
"God speed the Galatea."

We commend this verse as a puzzle in scanning not less heartily than we admire the contempt of ordinary rules which makes the last two syllables of Galatea rhyme to "fear." Mr. Allen's music is entirely worthy of his words, and both are unique, for which reason, perhaps, they have been "graciously accepted by her Majesty the Queen." In "Look at Home" (Weippert & Co.), the poet, P. T. Sullivan, Esq., deprecates English generosity to foreigners when so many of our poor are starving. Here is the warning he enforces:—

"Should a foe compel old England
Her bright honour to maintain;
Money gone, so freely given,
England's poor may ask in vain."

The music by William Wilson, is extremely simple, and, perhaps, judiciously so, if the object be to preach as widely as possible the fact that true charity begins at home. A setting by James F. Simpson, of "Cease, rude Boreas" (Weekes & Co.), has considerable merit, though we cannot reconcile ourselves to its upward resolution of minor sevenths in the melody. Apart, however, from grammar which is, at least, open to question, the song displays appropriate vigour and descriptive force. May we ask, in passing, why the introductory symphony is described as "Ye North Wind"? With our present light, it strikes us as a bit of absurd affectation. "La Viola, parole di Valerio Pistrucci, musica di Sybil" (Weekes & Co.) has a very pretty and lightsome melody in 6-8 time, accompanied simply, but with good taste. Lovers of Italian songs will do well to give it a share of their attention. "I gave my love a little rose" (Boosey & Co.) is a work of merit. The verses, by Greville H. Chester, are evidently modelled on the exquisite love lyrics of the earlier English writers, and are far from unworthy to be in their company. Lines more graceful rarely appear set to modern music. The composer, Comyns Vaughan, is favourably known by his "Rotheray Bay;" and in the song before us we note all the good features of its predecessors, especially the propriety with which ideas are wedded to music at once spontaneous and apt. If "I gave my love a little rose" does not become a favourite with tenors everywhere, we shall be much surprised. "The Blind Girl's Dream," written and composed by Louisa Gray (Chappell & Co.), is one of the simplest of ballads, and also, when properly sung, one of the most touching. As a ballad should, it relies for effect as much upon the singer as upon the music and words, allowing the former all needful scope for the exercise of his gifts. Moreover the theme is one which "makes the whole world kin," and it is handled with an unaffected tenderness constituting not the least element in the charm of the whole. "The Blind Girl's Dream" deserves a good place in the ranks of its modest class. "The Buccaneer" (Chappell & Co.), a work of the kind represented by "A Life on the Ocean Wave," shows to advantage the ability of Mr. Berthold Tours as a song composer. Its words, by Robert Reece, are full of dash and vigour, and the music reflects their spirit in an uncommon degree. Mr. Tours being a musician of pretensions, always, of course, aims somewhat above the ordinary level. His mark has been well hit in this case, for the song possesses qualities of a high order which should win more than a passing regard. We observe that "The Buccaneers" is dedicated to Mr. Santley, in whose repertory there are, assuredly, worse things.

"Select Practice for the Pianoforte" (Davison & Co.) consists of forty-two progressive lessons, intended as an introduction to the works of the great masters, and edited with fingering, &c., by Mr. Benedict. The name of the veteran pianist and composer affords a sufficient guarantee as to the excellence of his work, since nobody knows better how a pupil should be trained to an intelligent execution of classical music. Beginning with pieces of extreme simplicity, the student is led on by easy stages till at last he reaches a Mendelssohnian *presto*, and is competent to work in a larger field. We know no more excellent system than is here laid down, and cannot do better for aspiring amateurs than recommend them to follow Mr. Benedict's guidance with carelessness, always remembering that "slow and sure goes far in a day." Mr. F. H. Cowen's ballad, "Longing" (Boosey & Co.), though a pleasant one, is scarcely such as might have been expected from the known ability of its composer. The melody has little originality, and the accompaniment is of an ordinary character. Of his "Deux Valses Caprices" (Boosey & Co.) we must speak in a different key. They are exceedingly graceful effusions, full of fancy, and marked by a fluent expression which carries the listener irresistibly with them in their capricious course. As drawing-room pieces of a high class, these values have claims not to be ignored.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRAVEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Eppe's Cassaine, a very thin evening beverage.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS ORGAN.

The new organ erected in the time-honoured Hanover Square Rooms was to have been opened last night, by Mr. W. T. Best, whose programme included selections from Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Gade, with other pieces by minor composers. As regards the instrument itself, we cannot do better than transcribe an account of it which appears in the second edition of *Hopkins and Rimbault on the Organ*—

"The new organ has been built by Messrs. Thomas C. Lewis & Co., of Shepherd's Lane, Brixton, London, and fully sustains the reputation they have achieved for high-class work. The Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, so long associated with the progress of classical music in this country, exhibits a welcome innovation on the usual treatment accorded to organs in London concert rooms. The instrument newly erected here is not only a fine work of ornamental art, but is in every sense satisfactory to the musician—grandeur of tone and charming variety in quality, consoing with elegance of appearance and chasteness of style. An organ so admirably carried out both in external design and in tonal character, is a standing protest against the false economy of setting up instruments merely for show, regardless of, or indifferent to, the purposes of musical usefulness. In building this organ, Mr. Lewis has given special consideration to the demands of the classical concert room; power, richness, and variety are the three essential requisites for rendering true service in aid of orchestral effects, and in accompanying solo and choral singing in the many and varied styles which characterize the musical art. The specification to this end has been compiled under suggestions from three of the most eminent organists.

"The case of the instrument has been executed from the designs of Mr. John F. Bentley, in the style of the modern French renaissance, and harmonizes well with the general decorations of the rooms and the orchestral accessories. The whole front is ebonized and highly polished, its dark surface lit up with the reflected lights of the multitude of sharply defined lines of the mouldings on cornice, frieze, and panels; the silvered glass with old Venetian bevel filling the upper compartments, the lower panels ornamented with choice inlay of gold and colour, and the bright array of spotted metal pipes intersected with fluted ebony pillars, all combine to give an imposing dignity and richness of effect. The centre composition of the case stands on a bold dado extending the entire length of the front, and rising several feet above the highest seat of the orchestra, and is divided into three compartments by columnar fluted balustrades resting on a richly panelled and moulded plinth. Each of the lateral compartments is filled with pipes raking inwards, whilst those of the intermediate division advance forward on a circular corbel, breaking the line of the frieze and cornice. A cluster of balustrades on a square pilaster makes the outer angle of this portion of the design. These balustrades are connected with others in the return ends by a moulded stay, following the line of the dado below, and supporting a series of pipes raking towards an angle; an enriched cornice and a pierced frieze take a quadrantal curve, against which rest the pipes of the Open Diapason. The sides are treated similarly to the front. Completing the design, the cornice and panelled frieze cap the sides and front and mitre round the blocks of each division, and at the angles; the cornice is still further emphasized with a segmental pediment over the centre cluster of the pipes of the Diapason.

GRANT, C C to A, 58 Notes.

1. Open Diapason	8 feet.	7. Octave	4 feet.
2. Lieblich Gedact	8 feet.	7. Lieblich Gedact	4 feet.
3. Flute Harmonique	8 feet.	8. Quint Flute	2 1/2 feet.
4. Salicional	8 feet.	9. Flautina	2 feet.
5. Vox Angelica	8 feet.	10. Trumpet	8 feet.

SWELL.

11. Flûte d'Amour	8 feet.	14. Flûte d'Amour	4 feet.
12. Viole de Gambe	8 feet.	15. Horn	8 feet.
13. Voix Celestes, Tenor c	8 feet.	16. Bassoon and Oboe	8 feet.

PEDAL, C C C to F, 30 Notes.

17. Open Diapason, bass	16 feet.	19. Octave Bass	8 feet.
18. Sub-Bass	16 feet.	20. Flute Bass	8 feet.

COUPLERS.

1. Grant to Pedals.	Swell to Pedals.	Swell to Great.
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Seven Pedals of Combination.

"It is worthy of notice that contrary to all custom of organ building in this country, the whole of the wood pipes, including the open bass of 16 feet, are varnished, as a protection against damp, and display a choiceness of wood rarely seen in connection with organ work; the trackers are also saturated with varnish, thereby preventing changes of temperature influencing their length and disturbing the accuracy of the manual touch. Although the organ is of medium size it possesses the advantages of a separate air reservoir for the manual sound-boards, on the system introduced so effectively by Mr. Lewis in his large organ at St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The main reservoir is weighted to half an inch heavier than the upper reservoir; consequently, the wind from the feeders passes through the main reservoir without expanding it, and by means of flexible trunks ascends to the upper reservoir, which, when full, immediately closes itself with an automatic valve, and then the lower reservoir takes up its supply: by this arrangement the pedal sound-board, which draws only from the heavier supply, leaves the upper manual quite unaffected by its changes of activity, and a perfect steadiness of wind is

secured for the manual stops. An entirely new form of pallet has been introduced into this organ for the first time; it combines lightness of touch with complete soundness.

"Under the name of 'Flûte d'Amour' a new stop will be found. It has been devised by Mr. Lewis for the special requirement of this instrument, and possesses a strikingly characteristic quality between the stringiness of the Viol di Gamba and the roundness of the Flute, with either of which stops it blends admirably, yet with a distinctness of its own which marks it with individuality as a new stop. The Flûte d'Amour is a valuable addition to the resources of the organist, and is distinguished as much by the body of tone it gives in support of the lighter stops, as by its sympathetic and singularly beautiful quality."

A STORM IN THE NORTH.

There has been some remarkably plain speaking in the *Glasgow Herald* lately, and plain speech is refreshing on account of its rarity. For this reason, and in spite of Christmas "peace and good will," we transcribe it here.

Mr. Julian Adams gave a concert at the Corporation Galleries one Saturday, to which, in the discharge of his duty, the *Herald* critic went. On Monday, the following appeared in the *Herald* pages, much to the discomfiture of Mr. Julian Adams:—

"Mr. Julian Adams, 'formerly conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts in Paris, London, &c., and the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Greenock Philharmonic Societies' (as the programme of last Saturday's concert hath it), gave the first of a 'series of six pianoforte recitals, and chamber concerts of classical and popular operatic music' (again as the programme hath it). One of these concerts is to be given every Saturday afternoon in the Corporation Galleries. At the first, the attendance was good, and the series promises to be attractive and well-patronized. The orchestra consists of about sixteen members, with Mr. Adams at the piano, at once executant and conductor, playing with one hand and conducting with the other. We quite acknowledge the adroitness displayed by Mr. Adams in his double capacity, and also the ability shown by him in assisting the orchestra by filling up the bassoon and other parts. The concert commenced with a creditable performance of Rossini's overture to *Semiramide* followed by one of Strauss's waltzes. Mr. Adams then gave what the programme stated to be Thalberg's *Les Huguenots*, and so far it was; but Mr. Adams, not content with the music as written by the composer, added thereto many interpolations and elaborations in very questionable taste. Mr. Adams's other solo, Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' was one of the most extraordinary performances we ever heard, and in the interests of the art we must protest against the many liberties taken with the text. We do not so much object to his playing wrong notes. Mishaps will happen, and yet there is little excuse for these in a piece which every school-girl should know note-perfect, but it is inexcusable to miss its spirit and to add grace notes and flourishes to old Handel's music. By continuing to do so, Mr. Adams may do irreparable injury to the taste of many of his hearers. This propensity of adding embellishments to all music seems to be with him an idiosyncrasy, for even when playing with the band at the *Semiramide* overture—in which we had fancied Rossini was brilliant enough of himself—Mr. Adams superadded some extraordinary effects. Had Rossini been present, we could have imagined him complimenting Mr. Adams, in one of his most polished and sneering sentences, ending as he did to Velluti, 'Very charming, but, pray, take your embroidery (*fiorire*) elsewhere; but had irate Handel been there, we fear the gruff old master (a man of few words) would, in one or another, have astonished the executant. Mr. Adams must be content to play the music as set down for him—in this respect acting upon Hamlet's advice to the players; and if he does so, we heartily wish him and his scheme all success."

We have said that Mr. Adams was discomfited by the above; he was also indignant, and straightway wrote to the editor as thus:—

"SIR,—So long as the conductors of the press confine themselves to giving publicity to their own candid opinions of the merits of works which come before them, or of the performances of musical artists, no one has a right to complain, be their opinions favourable or the reverse. But when the press is permitted to become, under the disguise of editorial criticism, a vehicle for the furtherance of the interest of one party to the prejudice and injury of another, the abuse calls for correction; and it is high time that those who indulge so freely in scribbling anonymous letters, and publishing them in the newspapers as criticism under the cloak of the editorial wing, should be exposed to the public, in order that a check may be put upon such a system of malevolence."

"In the *Herald* of Monday last, December 12, I observe the following article:—

"Mr Julian Adams, formerly conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts, &c. (as the programme hath it), gave the first of a series of six pianoforte recitals and chamber concerts of classical and popular operatic music (again as the programme hath it), &c."

"Now before going any further into the article in question, I beg leave to ask if this is musical criticism, or is it meant to convey an impression that the announcement in the programme is a deception? I leave it to the public to

judge; but I will venture to say that the writer of the anonymous letter (not critique) set out with the deliberate intention of conveying a false impression, and of commenting unfavourably upon the performances. I therefore deem it necessary to inform your readers that no artist can appear in Glasgow without the risk of being depreciated and insulted by these *soi-disant* musical critics (friends of a certain concert agent and music-seller in Buchanan Street), unless they can secure the interest of the said agent by giving him a share in the proceeds and a monopoly of the management, sale of tickets, &c. It should be made known that most of the elaborate articles on musical performances which appear in the newspapers are written in London or cut out to order for concert agents, and are liberally supplied to the musical critics in Glasgow, who thus lead the public and even the proprietors of newspapers to think they are written by themselves, and then get the credit of being learned connoisseurs in the science which they really know little or nothing about.

"If artists of long-established reputation are left to the abuse of these pretenders who use the criticism for the purpose of furthering the interests of their friends at the expense of the artists' reputation, the sooner this system is exposed the better for art progress in this country.—I am, &c.,

"T. JULIAN ADAMS."

Now it was foolish of Mr. Adams to address the editor at all; but doubly foolish to write so manifestly absurd a letter. The annexed rejoinder is all he took by his motion:—

"We have no hesitation in publishing Mr. Adams's letter, although it is of such a nature that we might not unreasonably have declined inserting it. Before doing so, however, we considered it right to show the manuscript to the writer of the article in question, who assures us that he went to the concert on Saturday last totally ignorant as to who sold or did not sell Mr. Adams's tickets, and equally ignorant and indifferent as to the name of his agent or agents. Mr. Adams' modesty has not permitted him to give in full the quotation from the programme which was made in the notice alluded to. It ran thus:—'Mr. Julian Adams, formerly conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts in Paris, London, &c., and the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Greenock Philharmonic Societies.' Not being personally cognizant of these facts, and desiring to speak only from personal knowledge, the writer gave the statement in the programme upon the authority of the programme. Mr. Adams evades all reference to our notice regarding his incorrect interpretation of some of the works. With respect to his sweeping charge, unsupported by a shadow of proof, as to the authorship of 'the elaborate articles on musical performances which appear in the newspapers,' we have only to say that it is perfectly absurd.—ED. G. H."

Well done, "Ed. G. H.," also the critic of the "G. H." It is clear that all is not "mist" down north, even in December.

W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard played in a concert at Nottingham on Monday night, the *entrepreneur* being that zealous and indefatigable promulgator of good music, Mr. Henry Farmer, himself an artist of eminence.

Miss Faure has gone to Brussels.

Miss Marie Courtenay, a young and promising vocalist, is announced to appear as the witch, Sybilla, in the Drury Lane Pantomime.

Madame Caillag made her *début* in America, at the first New York Philharmonic Concert, towards the end of last month.

Mdlle. Marie Krebs gave a concert recently at New York, her various performances at which extracted high approval from the *Weekly Review* of that city.

We learn from the American papers that Georgio Ronconi ("Ronconi the great") is about to give a series of operatic performances in New York. Luck attend them!

Mr. A. Sullivan's charming *Ouverture di Ballo*, written for the Birmingham Festival, was recently performed at one of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, with complete success.

Mr. C. W. Le Jeune, assisted by his sons, Charles and Arthur Le Jeune, gave an evening concert on the 14th inst., to exhibit their new instrument, the *Clavo-Glissando*. It is played with the key-board: but the inventors claim the credit of being able to produce a perfect *glissando* or *portamento*, hitherto peculiar to the fiddle and voice, and also the tones of various wind instruments.

An action has been raised in the Edinburgh Sheriff Court by Mr. Sims Reeves, the English tenor, against the Edinburgh Choral Union, for the recovery of his fee for singing at the Choral Union Concert on the 14th of November last. The fee, we understand, was ninety guineas, and the Choral Union have offered to pay sixty guineas. Payment of the full fee is refused on the ground that Mr. Sims Reeves failed to complete his engagement, having left the orchestra when the performance was only half finished.

M. Gounod is said to be devoting his hours of exile to the completion of his opera, *Polyeucte* (Corneille), and to the composition of an oratorio, the book by M. Gounod himself, the subject being *Calvary* and the *Redemption*. A set of part-songs for male voices, by M. Gounod, has just been published in Germany.

Another new oratorio will be produced in due course: in this instance by an English composer—Mr. Cusins, conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts. He takes as his theme *Gideon*, but proposes to confine the music within the limits of the sacred cantata, not to exceed one hour and a half in performance.

An inquest was held on Tuesday on the body of Madame Dallot de la Genevouge a professor of music (the wife of a merchant in Paris from whom she separated in 1847), lately arrived from Boulogne. A verdict was returned of "Death from pulmonary apoplexy, accelerated by excitement and temporary insanity." They expressed a wish that the press would notice the case, and thus bring the matter before the friends of the deceased.

On Monday week the Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, Lord Leigh, presided at the College, Binswood, Leamington, on the opening of the new boarding-house, which now forms the western side of the quadrangle of the extensive building, in this fashionable inland watering place. The head-master, the Rev. H. G. Woods, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford; J. R. Thursfield, B.A., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford; and other well-known educationalists took part in the proceedings. A number of scholarships were awarded to the most successful students; the annual speeches made, and prizes given.

Appropos of Mdlle. Nilsson, we read the subjoined in the *Philadelphia Age* of Dec. 2nd.

"There will be a *matinée* performance on Saturday, at which Mdlle. Nilsson will appear. After this Mdlle. Nilsson will visit the West, and we hardly expect to hear her again before February, and perhaps, only at a very limited number of performances then, for she has to return early in the spring to fulfil engagements in Europe. But the people of this city who have supported the concerts so liberally will not be satisfied unless they see this charming *prima donna* in opera before she leaves America. We hope Mr. Strakosch will give us a short season of opera when Miss Nilsson returns from the West."

Amongst the performances for the celebration of the anniversary of Beethoven's birthday in Germany have been the following:—At the Court Theatre of Munich there was a concert which commenced with a prologue in verse by Herr Martin Greif, and the programme of which included one of the symphonies and the Mass in C. At Bonn the new Beethoven Hall was solemnly opened, and at Leipzig, the members of the Art Institutes joined together to do honour to the festival-day, and a week was devoted to Beethoven, during which his compositions were solely performed. This began on Sunday the 11th inst., with a church service. On Monday in the evening, at the Theatre some of Beethoven's greatest compositions were performed; on Tuesday a selection of chamber music; on Wednesday, a second performance at the Theatre; on Thursday a Gewandhaus concert; and on the two last days of the week festival performances at the Theatre.—*Athenæum*.

STANDARD THEATRE.

The Wife's Tragedy, a new play, in blank verse, was produced with success on Saturday. Mr. Douglass is to be congratulated for having ventured on a piece, the attraction of which depends neither upon the carpenter, the scene-painter nor the display of female beauty, and which nevertheless succeeded in rivetting the attention of a vast audience during five acts and a prologue, drawing forth repeated marks of hearty approval. The principal actors, Miss Edith Heraud, Miss Mary Saunders and Mr. G. Hamilton, were summoned before the curtain after each of the last two acts, and at the end of the performance in response to an unanimous call, the authoress (Mrs Edward Thomas) bowed her acknowledgments from a box.

A PROTEST.

SIR,—Having read in your valuable paper of the 17th inst. an article copied from a contemporary, in which my name is mentioned, with regard to the Royal Italian Opera, will you kindly allow me to say that I consider it a great liberty of an anonymous writer, who evidently does not understand the subject he is prompted to write upon, and more so, as I have not belonged to Covent Garden Theatre since the opera season of 1869.—Yours obediently,
23, Norfolk Road, Brighton, Dec. 21, 1870. T. LI CALSI.

SALZBURG.—The celebration of the Beethoven Centenary at the Mozarteum was fixed to take place in August, but had to be postponed in consequence of the war. It will now not be held before next year.

LEIPZIG.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* is still being performed at the Stadttheater. At the eighth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Carl Tausig played Chopin's Concerto in E minor; a "Valse Caprice" on Strauss's "Nachtflügelwalzer," and Schubert's "Military March," arranged by the same composer. He was greatly applauded and several times recalled. Mdlle. Wilhelmine Gips, from the Hague, was the vocalist. Mendelssohn's "Hebrides Overture," and Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Schumann, were finely played by the band.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co.—"Kelvin Grove," transcription by Ellen Jarman.

HAMMOND & Co.—"The Parted," song, by John Barnett; "The Beggar Woman" and "The Empress of my soul," songs, by Charles Gounod; "Am schonen Rhein," waltz by Keler Bela; "Mountain Life;" "Glockchen Mazurka;" "Early Morning;" and "Pearls of Dew." Morceaux for the pianoforte by Gustav Lange; "Amazonen March;" "Casino Tanze;" "Hesperus Klänge;" and "Fantasia," waltzes for the pianoforte by P. Hertel.

DEFF & STEWART.—"Classical Treasures," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, transcribed for the pianoforte, by J. Theodore Treckell; "Aris, Larghetto, Gavotta, and Corrente" from Martini's sonatas for the pianoforte by Carl Bauck; "Palestrine" Grand March, by E. L. Hime.

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